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SWEDISH EROTICA

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A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE



This year's crop of fuck films is beginning to come in for review, and all we can say is that the product is better than ever. New faces are appearing (plus new tits, cunts and cocks), but some of the old stars are still in there giving their best and proving that the upcoming stars face pretty stiff competition from the oldtimers. There still isn't a cock on the horizon to match the one Big John Holmes wields, and isn't likely to be in the near future. The genes needed to

produce a dong the size of his can't possibly come together very often and, even if they do, the rest of the biological product will probably not be up to standard. John will likely be unchallenged in his specialized field for years to come.

This doesn't mean that the new studs in the game are lacking in talent or equipment. *Three on a Barber Chair*, one of the two films reviewed in this issue, certainly demonstrates that John Holmes is not the only fucker around worth watching. The lads in this film have hefty

enough equipment, plus the youth and endurance to match. They seem capable of keeping their peckers up through thick or thin (no insult to the lady intended), and their performance is rousing.

The gals are something else again. Miss Jersey Maid, Big John's co-star in the film of the same name, has the finest jugs we've viewed in ages, and a quim that absorbs cock like it was about to go out of style. With lassies like this coming up there will be no shortage of female flesh to delight our senses.

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FILM #301: THREE ON A BARBER CHAIR

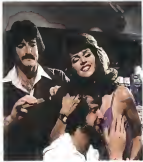
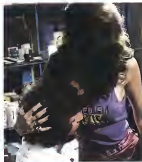


FILM #303: MISS JERSEY MAID





FILM #301:
THREE ON
A BARBER
CHAIR



The fuck film fare being dished up these days certainly comes in fanciful surroundings. Viewers of *Three on a Barber Chair* may expect more than just a shearing from the next clip artist they encounter. We certainly will not be able to pass a barber shop for some time without wondering what special pleasures the back room may offer — especially if the shop happens to feature a lady manicurist with a particularly voluptuous mouth.

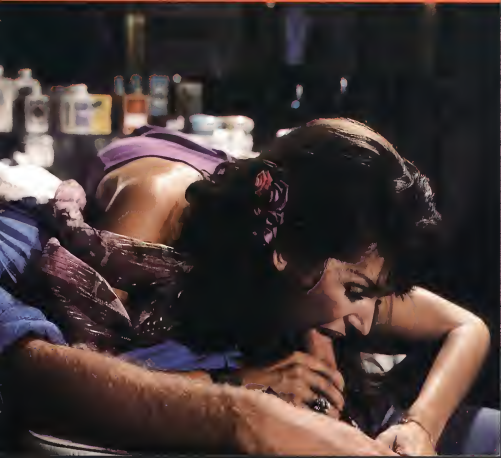
The antics begin when Franco, deciding that he needs his curly locks trimmed, ducks into a barber shop he's never visited before and asks the gent who wields the comb and scissors to do his thing. No sooner does he settle into the chair than the snippings begin

to fall — and the manicurist moves in for the kill. She's hungry for business and Franco has the sort of full crotch to his pants that really moves her.

Does Franco want a manicure? With a lovely like that manipulating the tips of his fingers, you bet your sweet hardon (which is exactly what Franco has by now) he does. He already has visions of her manipulating a lot more than his fingers, and what he'd like to be doing to her could not be printed in a family magazine which, fortunately, we are not.

So there the doll is, sitting pretty between his thighs. The better to get access to his fingers, she says, while leaning her pretty little elbow on his left ball just hard enough to let him know that she knows exactly







what she's doing. Then she leans forward to breathe into the palm of his hand and he can look down her tank top to the sweetest set of tits he's seen in ages. And by now it isn't her elbow on his balls, it's her knowing hands on his cock, coaxing him even harder.

Harry, the barber, is used to watching his manicurist perform tricks like this with the customers and has no objections to her behavior whatsoever. It brings him repeat business and, when the customer also has no objections, allows him to get his own ashes hauled from time to time. This may be one of those times. The customer seems to be a Continental type, and they are invariably more liberal in their sexual

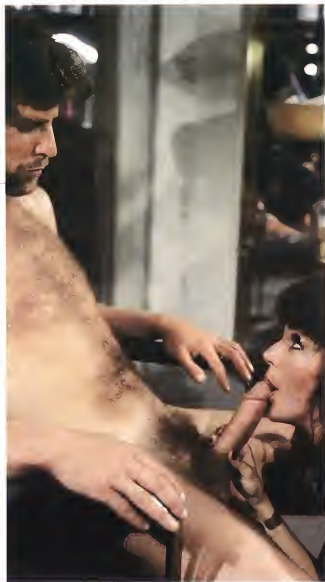
attitudes than Americans. Maybe he and the customer can give Annette, the manicurist, the business together.


By this time Annette has Franco's cock out and he's breathing heavily as her tongue licks greedily around the head of his cock. Harry has a hardon just from watching, and it suddenly occurs to him that there might be viewers outside his shop window getting a free show. No problem. With a flick of two switches Harry has lowered a curtain over the front window and locked the door against unwanted intrusion. Just in time, too, because Franco has been getting into the spirit of things and has managed to strip right there in the barber chair, while still sitting.

Harry, too, is feeling







A photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate pose. The man is on the left, shirtless, with a beard and dark hair, looking down. The woman is on the right, with dark hair and heavy eye makeup, looking up at him. She is holding a large, realistic-looking dildo in her mouth. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a room with some furniture.

**Kneeling between his
thighs, she smiled
up at him wickedly,
then bit lightly on
the head of his cock.**




the heat, and decides that he's overdressed for the situation which is developing. Within thirty seconds Annette is the only human left in the shop still wearing clothes, but they are no longer an inconvenience to her. Harry has dropped his comb, folded his scissors and left his position behind the barber chair. Franco, the customer, no longer cares what shape

his hair is in because his cock is in superb shape and actively engaged in filling Annette's mouth to the overflowing point. Annette is greedily taking everything he can deliver as deep as to the tonsils and demanding more even while Franco is feeding it to her. What position does this leave Annette in? It leaves her with her rear undefended, which may be what she

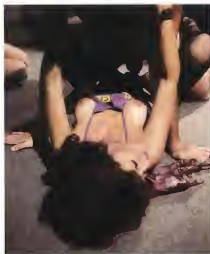






He knelt between her parted thighs, feeling his cock slip into her soaking slot as she began to mouth sexual obscenities of pure pleasure.





had in mind all along. And, as everyone with military experience knows, an undefended rear is often invaded.

Harry is there to do the invading, as he has done many times before. You'd think that Annette would learn sooner or later that Harry has posterior motives, but maybe she likes it that way. Certainly, when Harry impales her on

his cock from behind with one mighty lunge, she merely sighs with pleasure and sucks away on Franco's whang more avidly. When Franco fires a load that would choke a horse, Annette swallows it as though it were the elixir of life (which, perhaps, it is), and clamps her quim tighter around Harry's cock, which by now is balls deep and trying to get deeper.



